

THAT LAST PRAYER.

To B. E. B., a motherless child whom we kept for nearly five years,
who, on Jan. 18th, 1894, went on a visit in view of adoption,
with Mrs. H., of Galt, Ont.

SO, Blanche, you have gone, really gone
Away from this city and me!

Even Hazel and Violet, your dolls,
Have left their own corners, I see,
And carried off something like glee.

I am missing you much, little girl,
My eyes they fill up and refill;
Without you the whole of this house
Feels strange and uncommonly still,
At times almost awfully still.

It seems I can never forget
That week of your going away,
How I cried at the sight of some toys,
And threw a cloth over your sleigh,
And longed for those evenings of play.

O, Blanche, may you never forget
Our talks about Christ and His love,
Our reading His pages of truth,
And sending up wishes above—
To the land where the Godly remove.

You now may have brighter attire,
And things that I once liked to give,
And I trust your heart is supplied
With the food on which it should live,
• (Without which it never can live).